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POETRY.

Original.

THE REVOLUTION.

The *Lion* stood on Boston's shore
And shook his shaggy mane,
Hills pealed to hills his startling roar,
His steps were marked with human gore,
That flowed like summer rain.

Then rushed from mountain high and cold,
From woody hill and woody glen,
The mountaineer, so rude but bold—
The wolf was there amid the fold,
And soon these stalwart men.

On Bunker's turf they piled the foe—
O sad the sight of dying men;
A thousand warriors, cold and low,
Slept on that field of mortal wo,
Never to wake again!

A wail is heard in Britain's hall,
A mourner sits in sorrow there—
Her heart is far, where sink and fall
Proud England's banners, as a pall
O'er heroes brave and fair.

O tell me if that hour of wo,
That cup of grief which cannot pass,
Are not too sad for pageant-show,
For nodding plume, when mortals mow
Their brethren as the grass!

Home, soldier! far across the wave
Thy watch-fire burns but dim and low,
And one sad heart is by thy grave—
Alas, her tears will never lave
The turf that hides thy brow.

Fame cannot wake the shout that rung
Through hall and cottage-bower;
The silent lute lies there unstrung,
Tears flow where joyous songs were sung
At eve's enchanting hour.

For *this*, they roll the drum and gun—
While high the monumental stone,
On Bunker's hill of warfare won,
Prouder than that of Lexington,
Up to the skies hath grown!

Jan. 1844.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

The following is copied from the N. Y. Tribune. This is the way slavery lays its ruffian hands upon men. If one whispers in the ear of a slave, that there is a land of freedom, or if any suspect him of such an attrocious deed, he must leave the States, or be hung! We see what kind of punishment they prefer. Scourging on the naked back! They are accustomed to this.—They understand it.—They must see the blood gush.—They must hear the lash-stroke, or they are not satisfied.

ANTI-ABOLITION SOCIETY IN MISSOURI.—We learn from the St. John's Republican, that a meeting of the citizens of Lewis and Clark counties was held on the 31 of November, and a committee appointed to hear allegations against certain persons charged with aiding runaway slaves.

This committee, "having gone through the testimony, after mature deliberation, came to the conclusion that a legal prosecution would not be justified by the evidence, yet, being fully persuaded of the guilt of the accused, decided that D. D. P. Nelson be required to leave the State of Missouri within four days, and that James Botkin be required to leave his present residence, (an island in the Mississippi,) within four days, and not to settle within fifty miles of Lewis county, and never to be again seen in Lewis or Clark counties. If, after the expiration of the time specified, he be found in his present residence, or in its neighborhood, he is to receive fifty lashes on his bare back, well laid on; and if found on the shores on either county in the time specified for his departure, he is to be hanged by the neck till he is dead! dead!! dead!!!"

Afterwards, on motion, it was resolved to form an anti-abolition society, whose chief business should be to catch runaway negroes. Some dozen resolutions were passed among which we give the following as curiosities:

"That we recommend the propriety of bringing from Illinois, an abolitionist for each negro they aid in escaping from Missouri.

That we will give a reward of $200 for the delivery of Richard Ells, of Quincy, and $100 for Erasmus Benton Stillman, of Fairfield, when delivered to the committee of vigilance.

That it need not be expected that the very lenient punishment inflicted upon David P. Nelson, and James Botkin, will be a precedent for similar offenses hereafter.

That all negroes found going at large, without a pass, be subject to receive ten lashes from any member of the anti-abolition society."

This out-Herods Herod. We did not know that our country could furnish a deliberative assembly so destitute of justice, manly regard for law and honorable feeling as this.

AFFECTING SCENE.

A clergyman who was recently traveling in the South, and a passenger on board of a steamboat on Cape Fear River, observed some of the consequences of slavery, which he has communicated to the public.—We are no abolitionists, in the received sense of that word—we believe the Constitution must be kept inviolate; yet we cannot conceal our horror at scenes like those described in the following extract from the Christian Journal. The writer says:—*True Sun.*

As I went on board the steamboat, I noticed eight colored men, handcuffed, and chained together in pairs, four women, and eight or ten children, of the apparent ages of from four to ten years, all standing together in the bow of the boat, in charge of a man standing near them. Of the men, one was 60, one was 52, three of them about 30, two of them 25, and one about 20 years of age, as I subsequently learned from them. The two first had children, the next three had wives and children, and the other three were single, but had parents living from them. Coming near them I perceived that, they were all greatly agitated; and on inquiry, I found that they were all slaves, who had been born and raised in North Carolina, and had just been sold to a speculator, who was now taking them to Charleston market.

Upon the shore there was a number of colored persons, men, women and children, waiting the departure of the boat; and my attention was particularly attracted by two colored females, of uncommonly respectable appearance, neatly attired, who stood together, a little distance from the crowd, and upon whose countenance was depicted the keenest sorrow. As the last bell was tolling I saw the tears gushing from their eyes, and they raised their neat cotton aprons, and wiped their faces under the cutting anguish of severed affections. They were the wives of two of the men in chains. There, too, were mothers and sisters, weeping at the departure of their sons and brothers; and there, too, were fathers, taking the last look of their wives and children. My whole attention was directed to those on the shore, and they seemed to stand in solemn submissive silence, occasionally giving utterance to the intensity of their feelings by a sigh, or a stifled groan. As the boat was loosed from her moorings, they cast a distressed lingering look toward those on board, and turned away in silence. My eye now turned to those in the boat; and although I had tried to control my feelings, amidst my sympathies for those on shore, I could conceal them no longer, and I found myself "weeping with those that weep." I stood near them, and when one of the husbands saw his wife upon the shore wave her hand for the last time, in token of her affection, his manly efforts to restrain his feelings gave way, and fixing his watery eyes exclaimed, "This is the most distressing thing of all!—My dear wife and children, farewell!" The husband of the other wife stood weeping in silence, with his manacled hands raised to his face, as he looked upon her for the last time.

Of the poor woman on board, three of them had husbands whom they left behind. One of them had three children, another had two, and the third had none. These husbands and fathers were among the throng upon the shore, witnessing the departure of their wives and children; and as they took their leave of them they were sitting together upon the floor of the boat, sobbing in silence, but giving utterance to no complaint. But the distressing scene was not yet ended.—Sailing down the Cape Fear river 25 miles we touched at the little village of Smithport, on the south side of the river. It was at this place that one of these slaves lived, and here was his wife and five children; and while at work on Monday last, his purchaser took him away from his family, carried him in chains to Wilmington, where he has since remained in jail. As we approached the wharf, a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, and anguish seemed to have pierced his heart. The boat stopped but a moment, and as she left he bid farewell to some of his acquaintances whom he saw upon the shore, exclaiming, "Boys, I wish you well, tell Molly (meaning his wife) and the children I wish them well, and hope God will bless them." At that moment he espied his wife on the stoop of a house some rods from the shore, and with one hand, which was not in the hand-cuffs, he pulled off his old hat, and waving it toward her exclaimed, "Farewell." As he saw by the waving of her apron, that she recognized him, he leaned back upon the railing, and in a faltering voice repeated. "Farewell, for ever." After a moment's silence, conflicting passions seemed to tear open his heart, and he exclaimed, "What have I done that I should suffer this doom? O, my wife and children, I want to live no longer!" and then the big tear rolled down his cheek, which he wiped away with the palm of his unchained hand, looked once more at the mother of his five children, and the turning of the boat hid her face from him forever. As I looked around, I saw that mine was not the only heart that had been affected by the scene, but that the tears standing in the eyes of many of my fellow passengers bore testimony to the influence of human sympathy; and I could, as an American citizen, standing within the limits of one of the old Thirteen States, but repeat the language of Mr. Jefferson, in relation to the general subject, "I tremble when I think that God is just." After we left Smithport I conversed freely with all these persons; and in intelligence and respectability of appearance, the three men who have thus been torn from their families would compare favorably with the respectable portion of our colored men at the North. This is a specimen of what almost daily occurs in the business of the slave trade.

MISCELLANY.

Canning and Brougham.

Though they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were, in every other respect, opposed as the zenith and nadir, or as light and darkness.

This difference extended even in their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance; that of Brougham was much the reverse—but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome, and his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of sparkle and gaiety. The features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme; while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes, seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare, which shot away from them when he was roused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man. Canning's passions appeared upon the open champaign of his face, drawn up in a ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his own oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist; those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue, and he triumphed over the passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful; that of Brougham angular, long and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as an object dear to his feelings; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit and the flow of spirit, something showy and elegant; Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery—whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you; you crouched and shrunk back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys, and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race merely to make them tremble at his strength.

The style of their eloquence and the structure of their orations were equally different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unfathomable the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfull upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. The modes and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical formula; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind—and they rose, and ran, and pealed, and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connection, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed; that of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track—every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every corruscation of wit and of genius was brilliant and delightful—it was all felt, and it was all at once; Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and the obliquity of his course; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other, during the early part of the session of 1823; Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the secretary ready to parry the charge and to attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, tho' it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least not admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset disjointed and ragged and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance, in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or in which principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose—when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with cords of illustration and argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effect might be the more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first toward the orator, and then toward the secretary.—There was—save the voice of Brougham which growled in that under tone of thunder, which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master, but himself—a silence, as if the angel of retribution had been glaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their private sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the meeting, was heard in the remotest parts of the House; and the *visiting* members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever has been hurled at mortal man, within the same walls. The result was instantaneous—was electric: It was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon some giant peak—one flash, one peal—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words—"It is false!"—to which followed a dull chapter of apologies.—From that moment the House became more a scene of real business, than of airy display and angry vituperation.—*European Magazine*, 1833.

'Light House in the Skies.'

When Mr. Adams was President, he recommended to Congress an appropriation for the erection of a National Observatory, at Washington. This recommendation, in the discriminating warfare which was then waged, was assailed with extreme bitterness as a dangerous stretch of constitutional power. Mr. Adams in his message had spoken of the proposed Observatory as a "light house in the skies." This *unique* phrase was at once caught up by orators and editors, and bandied about in every form of ridicule and denunciation. The project was finally abandoned, and has not since been revived.

Some seventeen or eighteen years have elapsed, and we find Mr. Adams, at the age of fourscore, traveling a thousand miles from home, to assist in laying the corner stone of an Observatory, on the banks of the Ohio. He traverses a region which had rung with charges of coalition,—corruption,—bribery, and is every where received with profound respect, without distinction of party. He arrives at a city where his name had once been a by-word of reproach, and its entire population throng the streets to bid him welcome. The wise, the good and the great, all of every rank, class & pursuit, delight to do him honor.—In the presence of thousands, he lays the corner stone of the Observatory, and dedicates it to science, virtue & posterity; he speaks of the history of astronomical science; of modern discoveries founded on protracted observations; of the benefits that have accrued to our country and race; of the ennobling character of these cestial studies and watchings; and warming as he speaks, with flashing eye and emphatic voice, he pronounces the old words, '*A light-house in the Skies!*' Instantly there went up to heaven one universal burst of applause from that vast assemblage.—The old man is at last vindicated.

'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.'

From the Dial.

THE COMIC.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The pedantry of literature belongs to the same category. In both cases there is a lie, when the mind, seizing a classification to help it to a sincere knowledge of the fact, stops in the classification; or learning languages, and reading books, to the end of a better acquaintance with man, stops in the languages and books; in both the learner *seems* to be wise and *is* not.

The same falsehood, the same confusion of the sympathies, because a pretension is not made good, points the perpetual satire against poverty, since, according to Latin poetry and English doggerel.

Poverty does nothing worse
Than to make man ridiculous.

In this instance the halfness lies in the pretension of the parties to some consideration on account of their condition. If the man is not ashamed of his poverty, there is no joke. The poorest man, who stands on his manhood, destroys the jest. The poverty of the saint, of the rapt philosopher, of the naked Indian, is not comic. The lie is in the surrender of the man to his appearance; as if a man should neglect himself, and treat his shadow on the wall with marks of infinite respect. It affects us oddly, as to see things turned upside down, or to see a man in a high wind run after his hat, which is always droll. The relation of the parties is inverted,—hat being for the moment master. The multiplication of artificial wants and expenses in civilized life, and the exaggeration of all trifling forms, present innumerable occasions for this discrepancy to expose itself. Such is the story told of the painter, Astley, who, going out of Rome one day, with a party, for a ramble in the Campagna, and the weather proving hot, refused to take off his coat when his companions threw off theirs, but sweltered on; which, exciting remark, his comrades playfully forced off his coat, and behold, on the back of his vest a gay cascade was thundering down the rocks with foam and rainbow, very refreshing in so sultry a day;—a picture of his own, with which the poor painter had been fain to repair the shortcomings of his wardrobe. The same astonishment of the intellect at the disappearance of the man out of nature, through some superstition of his house or equipage, as if truth & virtue should be bowed out of creation by the clothes they wore, is the secret of all the fun that circulates concerning eminent fops and fashionists.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Voice of Freedom.

PRINCIPLES OF PEACE.—No 5.

If in the preceding numbers it has been shown conclusively that the laws and practices of war are inconsistent with the law of God and the gospel of Christ, I may well rest the question here, as far as it relates to proof and argument. For, to the mind of every true christian, all who have received the law of God as their infallible rule of practice, and yielded their hearts to the obedience of faith in Christ, these considerations are final in the case. And such alone are truly prepared to make effectual application of the remedy provided for the evil of war. But so long has the legitimate action of civil government been confounded with its abuse, it is to be feared many honest minds may suspect a mistake; and that those rules and maxims do not apply in their full force to the operations of civil government. On this account it seems important to examine for a few moments the laws and usages of war as they stand opposed to civil government.

The true design of law is to secure the rights of men; or in other words to do justice, by a system of rational laws.—Says the preamble to the constitution of the United States, "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish *justice*, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity: do order and establish this constitution."

The ultimate force of this paragraph may be comprised in the one phrase, "*establish justice*;" the remainder is little else than an amplification of the same thought. The constitution of this State also expresses the same fundamental principle, thus: "Every person in this State ought to find a certain remedy, by having recourse to the laws, for all injuries or wrongs he may receive in his person, property, or character; he ought to obtain right and justice, freely, and without being obliged to purchase it, completely and without any denial, promptly and without delay, conformably to the laws. And again: "The military shall be kept under strict subordination to, and governed by, the civil power." Mark also the care with which civil governments are organized to secure this end. The legislature, judiciary, and executive are kept distinct in their structure and their functions.

Observe also the care with which the law would secure justice, and guard against popular prejudice in all its operations. The law must first be established, defining crime, the nature of evidence, penalty &c. The complainer in a criminal case must either be a sworn officer or liable for cost. Witnesses must be disinterested, of character, sworn and liable for perjury; the judges of high reputation for integrity and as far as possible removed from popular liability, and yet made liable for false judgment. Then the right of jury with the privilege of challenge.—And lastly sworn officers of trust to execute the law. But mark the contrast of war both in its rules and in its practical operations. Its moving powers are ostentation, revenge and malice. These the party offended or slighted usually seeks to enhance by stirring and exaggerated appeals to popular passion. Then he makes his own particular *exparte facto* law, gives it his own construction, adduces at pleasure, capricious and irresponsible witnesses, puts his own construction on the testimony, passes the sentence and then himself proceeds to the execution, and all this in his own case! Is proof demanded for this well-known position? I refer again to Vattel; see Law of nations, Book 4, Chap. ii §21, "Every power at war pretends to have right on its side, and that pretence is not liable to be judged of by others." Book 3, Chap. xi, §189 & 190, "As there is no judge between nations, War in form is to be accounted just on both sides." Book 2, Chap. iii, §40, "In every case susceptible of doubt, the arms of the two parties are to be accounted equally lawful as to external effects."—And in sections 42 43 44 and 49 are contained the following statements. "The aggrandizement of a neighboring nation alone cannot give the right of war."—"Here the appearance of danger gives the right, against an overgrowing power." "He who breaks the political equilibrium, may be weakened." This is truly anarchy on a large scale. How